

YOUTH

A SPIRITUAL WOODSTOCK ARISING?

YOLANDA KING IN THE SPOTLIGHT

A ROOKIE OF THE YEAR INTERVIEWED

NOVEMBER 1971

Hans Lachmann



THE JOYFUL NEWS

Announced at Easter 1970,
Taizé, France

THE RISEN CHRIST COMES
TO QUICKEN A FESTIVAL
IN THE INNERMOST
HEART OF MAN. HE IS
PREPARING FOR US A
SPRINGTIME OF THE
CHURCH: A CHURCH
DEVOID OF MEANS OF
POWER, READY TO SHARE
WITH ALL, A PLACE OF
VISIBLE COMMUNION FOR
ALL HUMANITY. HE IS
GOING TO GIVE US
ENOUGH IMAGINATION
AND COURAGE TO OPEN
UP A PATH OF
RECONCILIATION. HE IS
GOING TO PREPARE US TO
GIVE OUR LIVES SO THAT
MAN IS NO LONGER
VICTIM OF MAN.

Jacques Charlas



young people

From many nations join

THE LONG MARCH

*A special report about a revolution which is stirring in the hearts of youth throughout the world.

BY FREDRICH MELLBERG
AND JOAN HEMENWAY

Recently a young French girl was rushing to catch a train for school. She stumbled, and all her books and papers went off in every direction. As she bent down to pick them up, another girl came along to help and noticed the "pebble" she was wearing on a string around her neck. "Oh! The Taizé pebble!" she exclaimed. They exchanged knowing smiles and a few special words of recognition. Then

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they shared addresses, forming yet another link in the lengthening chain of youth throughout the world who have committed themselves to an exciting adventure.

The "Taizé pebble" is worn by 50,000 people from 76 countries. It is a young people who have been touched by a new spiritual consciousness. The pebble is a sign of the journey they have undertaken, and the commitment they have made. Its meaning is hidden except for those on the long march (Rev. 2:17 "I will give you a white stone, a stone bearing a new name that no one knows except those who receive it.")

Many of those who wear the pebble have traveled to a small village in Burgundy, France, where the ecumenical monastic community of Taizé is located. It is here, amidst the hills and trees of the peaceful French countryside, that a vision for a new world and a renewed faith was born.

In some ways, Taizé is an unlikely spot for such a revolutionary, youth-oriented development to begin. The monastic community, founded 30 years ago by Brother Roger Schutz, now includes 70 men from Protestant, Orthodox, and Catholic traditions. The monks make life commitments to celibacy, sharing of all material goods, and acceptance of a common authority. Many work in the tiny village of Taizé as laborers; some are potters; and others make stained-glass windows. They work for the World Council of Churches with which Taizé is officially

ed. Several brothers live away from the community, always with the poor, in Africa, Brazil, and America. But wherever they may be, all the brothers stop three times a day—morning, noon, and night—to pray.

In the last ten years ever-increasing numbers of young people have been coming to Taizé. Many are agnostics; some are Christians; others call themselves revolutionaries, fundamentalists, wanderers. They stay for a week or more, joining the monks for prayer in the Church of Reconciliation, camping on the hillsides around Taizé. Together they talk with the monks about faith and life, and the possibilities for justice in a world plagued by injustice and pain. Joy, simplicity and mercy are the keywords of Taizé. They have become the signposts for a growing faith among the young visitors.

Brother Roger, prior of the Taizé community, recognized that there was a thirst for God among these young people, an all-or-nothing mood, a deep desire to serve their fellow human beings and a need to learn how to live in a world without bitterness. "They are waiting for a step to set free their energies, a step which will open in them a burst of creativity to make the world a more livable place." And while they are at Taizé, the visitors are asked: "What can we do when we go back home?" Brother Roger listened, prayed, and waited.

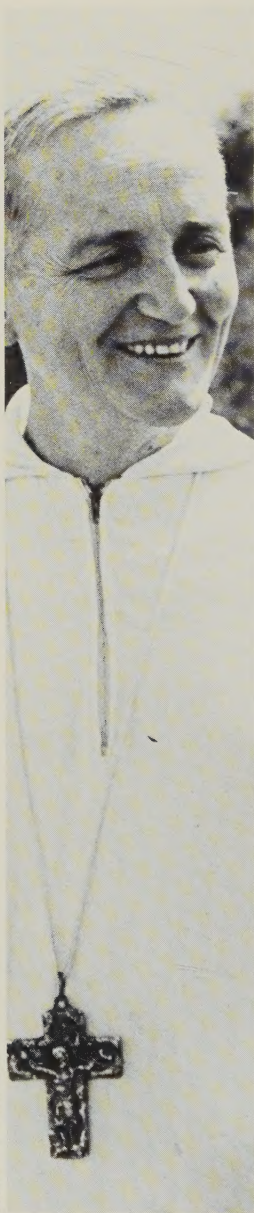
In January, two weeks before Easter 1970, thirty young men and women came to Taizé. This intercontinental team—



Jacques Charlas



Hans Lachmann



"TO LIVE FESTIVAL, FACES COUNT FOR MUCH — MORE THAN WORDS BECAUSE FACES TRANSLATE FRIENDSHIP, AND FRIENDSHIP IS THE FACE OF GOD. NOTHING IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN A FACE BECOME TRANSPARENT BECAUSE A WHOLE LIFETIME OF STRUGGLE AND FIGHTING. I ALWAYS NEED TO SEE FACES—NOT JUST BEAUTIFUL FACES, BUT ALSO THOSE WHICH ARE SAD AND THOSE WHICH ARE LUMINOUS. MY LIFE IS TO DISCLOSE IN OTHERS WHAT RAVAGES THEM AND WHAT REJOICES THEM. IT IS A FESTIVAL TO SHARE IN THE SUFFERING AND IN THE JOY OF ALL PEOPLE."

—Brother F

inding an agricultural worker from
ail, a Portuguese girl, two young
ks from Chicago, an African econ-
st, a young Indonesian — set to
k to prepare a "Joyful News" to
nounced at Easter. This "News"
a response to the young spiritual
rimms who looked to Taizé for guid-
and an expression of their hopes.
that Easter Day, 2500 youth
bed up the steep village hill to
er in the Church of Reconcili-
n. (The modern church structure
built in 1962 by German Chris-
es as a sign of expiation for the
i occupation of France during
ld War II. It seats 2000 people.)
er expressions of expectation by
member of the intercontinental
a, the "Joyful News" was an-
ced. It would serve as a strong
s for the adventure ahead.

n Brother Roger went on to say:
live out concretely the joyful news
has just been announced, a means
a instrument—has imposed itself
s: We are going to hold a Council
Youth."

ause burst forth. The secret was
A beginning answer was given.

European languages, the word
ncil" is reserved for the most spe-
church assemblies. *Le Monde*,
ing French newspaper, headlined
news: "From Vatican II to Taizé
And Pope Paul VI and other world
ch leaders telegraphed their best
es.

American youth the idea of a coun-
may be hard to grasp. "No one

needs another movement of any kind
in the U.S.!" was the cynical obser-
vation of one young student who
was fed up with demonstrations and
marches. But the Council of Youth is
not a new movement; it will issue no
manifesto; it is a search to be carried
on within existing movements and in-
stitutions. "It is more like leaven in
bread, hidden, yet rising . . ."

The idea of the council is a very elu-
sive thing. "It takes a change of heart
and attitude to comprehend," accord-
ing to Michelle Haviland of Tennessee.
And indeed, the date of the council
has not even been set, for first must
come a preparation.

"The first stage of preparation for the
Council of Youth is a stage of interi-
orizing," explains a brother. "Before
coming together in council, it is a mat-
ter of living and reflecting: living
festival, communion, sharing, 'hoping
beyond hope!', and admitting Christ
into the depth of one's being."

Just as the first Council of early Chris-
tians in Jerusalem grew out of a uni-
fying community whose members were
"of one heart and soul," so, in the
present time of trouble in the church,
at a time when a whole section of hu-
manity is alienated by forces of op-
pression, when the privileges of some
deprive others of their very conscious-
ness of being human, the aim of this
modern Council of Youth is reconcili-
ation and finding ways of overcoming
the contradictory and conflicting forces
in the Church and among mankind.

"It will be a long march across the

desert, setting out without knowing where we are heading, waiting for the realization of a promise," concluded a member of the intercontinental team.

A "FESTIVAL" OF LIFE

Since Easter 1970, young people from around the world who have been caught by the Taizé spirit are living out their hopes for the council, examining their own faith, probing those structures in each of their nations which are oppressive, unjust and exploitative. With the Taizé pebble as their sign, the key word is "Festival"—a celebration, a liberation, an inner awakening, a struggle.

Understanding of "festival" varies:

- "Festival is becoming aware of my life and that of others."
- "It is inner peace, serenity, joy, a strength coming from within."
- "Festival is what results when man fights against everything that is ugly and unjust."
- "Festival is admitting my faults in confession so as to be fully myself, freed from the burdens which drag me down."
- "Festival is not being afraid of doing something, not being afraid of changing my habits, not being afraid of dying."
- "Festival is accepting men, not judging them."
- "To be in a state of festival, you have to be capable of astonishment and wonder, of understanding the hidden sense of small things. It is the discovery in someone else of what he really, marvelously, is: an image of

the risen Christ."

As it has grown out of Taizé, the idea of "festival," of a Council of Youth and of a world-wide church with members who are responsive to the needs around them—all these have been deeply influenced by the voices of young people from the Southern Hemisphere—the Asian, African and Latin American countries, who so often gain their vigor from a sense of communion and festival.

A girl from the Congo said, "The idea proposed by the Joyful News commissions, really, to a pastoral undertaking which allows the faith to become more African. The African festival reveals above all and always, an intense life. Life calls for a festival. A festival which attaches the present time to the time past and to the future. There's no festival without others and if possible all others. Because festival is also a celebration of communion. It is an occasion offered to each person to share the richness of total life."

And a Black American adds: "For me, festival is me. All my being vibrates, sings, and bounces. It's my being which loves."

Margarita Moyano of Argentina, general secretary for Latin American youth and one of the most inspirational participants in this spiritual awakening, is a brilliant spokes-woman for the people and for youth of Taizé:

"Our daily life at school, at home, work provokes a certain tiredness in us. It can become an incredible boredom and we lose our capacity to v

to be alive. One is no longer able to discover the newness of life that is itself in our routines.

Have we lost our sense of feeling, of celebration of festival? Has it merely become something we try to buy, a product? If we don't know how to celebrate and rejoice we become empty. How do we regain and find meaning? How can we encounter in us the pas- mystery which means dying to self and being reborn to a new life in Christ?"

As such penetrating questions as these which prompted Brother Roger, at the Easter 1970 announcement of the future council, to add: "When we have all together sufficiently listened to what comes from the Southern Hemisphere, and when we have been able to announce it in every country, when we have lived within us the in- adventure and gone into what the Joyful News means, then the moment will come when the Council of Youth will be open."

"CELLS" HELP THE BODY

When young people return to their communities from Taizé, many form small groups—of three to seven members—which are like living cells of the body, the seeds of what is growing within. Here they find mutual support and strength on their common search to live "Joyful News" in their everyday life, to serve their neighbors, and to share the faith together. The cells are open to all people—young and old. In Marseilles, France, cell members



Jacques Charlas





"AS A LATIN AMERICAN WOMAN MAY I ASK YOU: ARE YOU READY TO GIVE UP YOUR PRIVILEGES AS A RICH PEOPLE? ARE YOU READY, FOR INSTANCE, TO PAY HIGHER TAXES AND HIGHER PRICES TO ALLOW FOR MORE INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE AND ECONOMIC BALANCE? ARE YOU READY TO BELIEVE THAT THERE IS NOT JUST ONE KIND OF DEVELOPMENT—THE EUROPEAN STYLE—WHICH AT ANY COST MUST BE IMPOSED ON ALL COUNTRIES? ARE YOU CONVINCED THAT IT IS NECESSARY THAT EACH GROUP OF PEOPLE MUST LOOK FOR ITS OWN WAYS OF LIBERATION? ARE YOU READY TO BECOME POOR—POOR IN THE SENSE OF SOMEONE WHO NEEDS ANOTHER, WHO KNOWS THAT HE MUST RECEIVE FROM ANOTHER? ARE YOU READY TO OPEN YOURSELVES UP TO A REVOLUTION IN YOUR THINKING WHICH WILL ALLOW FOR OUR OWN REVOLUTIONS IN OUR COUNTRIES?"

—Margarita M...

each morning before work to
together. In Cambridge, England,
free time is used to help elderly
handicapped people. In Niamey,
eria, five boys look for ways to
the joyful news in a Muslim
try where Christians are a minori-
n Recife, Brazil, several cells see
part in preparing for the council
ly in the work of "conscientiza-
' among peasants in villages where
nts live on weekends and holidays.

, trips are made to many countries
international cell groups of three or
youth to share the "Joyful-News".
those who cannot go to Taizé
to visit those who are preparing
the Council in an effort to create
aternal world-wide communion
ng all those involved. Trips an-
ated for this winter include Africa,
South and North America, and
pe. Regional meetings in the U.S.
planned for early next year. For
ormation, write: Brother Rudolf,
Taizé Community, France.

past year, U.S. meetings of youth
Chicago, Texas, Alabama, New
City and Washington, D.C.—
d about the meaning of festival.
a Chicago comes this report:

small groups of seven (there were
of us altogether) we talked about
kind of festival we had experi-
d recently. To us, festival is food
the simple breaking of bread. But
val is also doing crazy things,
ing people off guard and keeping
honest. It is joy and freeness. It
adness because we are called to

share positive and negative things, an-
ger and suppressed feelings. But fes-
tivity is inhibited by the 'what-will-
other-people-think?' mind set."

One European commented about these
American meetings: "It is easy to
talk of festival and celebration in the
United States. It is a current theme.
It is harder to talk of festival which
is a struggle and not an escape."

STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE

At Eastertime this year, an amazing
thing happened. Awakened by the in-
ner adventure of the past year, an as-
tonishing multitude of 6500 young
people from 40 countries came to
Taizé to celebrate Easter.

To make room for the anticipated large
numbers of people, one wall of the
Church of Reconciliation was torn
down and an enormous tent erected at
the open end. A nave of canvas—a
nave of concrete: one great church.
The Church had literally opened its
walls up to the people—a symbolism
only fully realized after the event!

After prayers, the theme for 1971 was
announced: "The Risen Christ is go-
ing to prepare us to give our lives so
that man is no longer victim of man."

Ed Bowman, a young Black from Chi-
cago who took part, says, "The team
prepared a new text for Easter 1971
to provide a new guidepost for those
along the way. The Joyful News and
the 1971 announcement are merely
signs to lay before people the decision
to go on this inner adventure.

"The 1971 text emphasizes that we

are bearers of the news in many ways. We must use simple means, person to person. The price we pay is our lives. We must seek to free ourselves so that we can free others."

The team called on persons to give their whole beings to becoming conscious of oppression wherever it exists, to commit all energies to break with situations where humans are victimized by other humans, to reject the selfish search for personal wealth, to foster communion among all people, and to seek liberation for ourselves and for our neighbors near and far.

Margarita challenged the group:

"What can we do to set men free? How can we act so that festival becomes possible for all of us? How can you liberate yourselves, peoples in the Northern Hemisphere, but at the same time also allow that real liberation—festival—to be possible for other peoples?"

A young man from Europe responded: "For the people of the Northern Hemisphere to arrive at the point where they are now, the price has been very dear. It's been paid by the countries of the Third World, and by the underprivileged minorities of our own rich countries. But above all, the price has been paid by ourselves—we, who live in the Northern Hemisphere. We have, for the most part, lost access to deep values. Where are the values which characterize festival such as happiness, peaceful joy, fullness of life, the liberating of one's self from repressive situations?"

And from Easter week on, groups continued to come to Taizé through the summer months. Eighty young people from the United States chartered a plane and arrived in July. They slept in tents. They ate simple meals; took cold showers. But life was intense and hot.

Cell groups of seven persons were formed, each from different countries, sharing ideas and digging behind the pain of differences. Communication came profound when a Dutch seminarian, a British bank clerk, a woman from Italy, and a Yugoslavian student discussed "giving one's life."

They joined larger general meetings with simultaneous translation into many languages by the young people, sharing ideas from the cell groups. Complete with headphones, a miniature United Nations seemed in progress. There were tents for exploration of prayer and silence, power and politics, sensitivity to the needs of others. Bible study, racism, creative expression through drawing, the dance and theatre. Some went to the field of silence to reflect, to pray, to sit alone.

Each day they gathered together at 7:30 a.m., noon and 7 p.m. to meet in the church with the Taizé brothers. Twice a week there were question-and-answer sessions with Brother Roger. At night they gathered around a crater—a large outdoor campfire. Language barriers dropped when the stars appeared and everyone sang. They sang of life and love, friendship and liberty; others refused to

ery and racism. In songs they announced the liberation of those who oppressed. And they proclaimed Jesus Christ is risen and the Savior Men. There were no spectators, people taking part, picking up a bus together, beating the rhythm. This, too, is festival.

One week at Taizé there was a night prayer, a vigil in which each person stayed for a half hour until the Sunday dawn. During the night a circle of silence engulfed the crypt of the church—interrupted by only a simple melody on a guitar, and then more silence. Sometimes some fell asleep. There's no doubt that if the Lord of the Gospel did come at that moment, the only thing that would have been waited for. This is the festival of rediscovery.

Could Taizé become a myth? Many people at Taizé this past summer came to ponder hard on this question. Tim Winch, from rural West Virginia, said: "If you are waiting for someone to give you answers—a plan for ecstasy—you are missing out on the real point of the long march. Taizé is only an oasis. Taizé is not a Mecca. We must move forward and carry the news in ourselves, wherever we are."

A young French woman returning recently from Taizé said: "It's as if you met some people out walking and you stayed with them for a while. They walked lightly, taking with them the choicest of things so that they can continue on the long march."



Hans Lachmann



brunner's world

by Doug Brunner



this time i know
i'm in love



i'm suffering

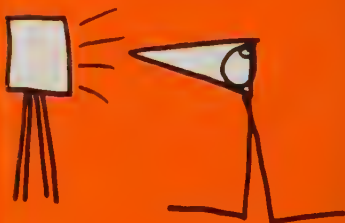
he passes to the right!



now we'll show you that in slow motion



and the kick looks good!



here's that kick again



did you ever feel that life is
instant replay?



i can't wait till you grow up



when you're fifty feet tall,



and a hundred years old . . .



then i can cut you down for a
Christmas tree . . .



what are you so
happy about?



all fat people
are happy



i always thought
that was a
myth . . .



who told you?



nobody, it just
makes sense that
you'd be unhappy



really i'm
miserable



why don't you
try a diet?



'cause i've heard
skinny people
aren't happy
either . . .

sir, we'll have to
go back, i forgot
the flag



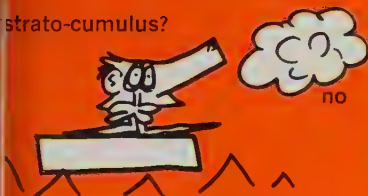
the hitchhiker

are you a cumulo-
nimbus?



do you have
seat belts?

strato-cumulus?



he must be a
Nader raider



who are you?



what would you do
first if we all had
the freedom to do
anything we
wanted?

take away your
freedom

YOLANDA

in the spotlight

The daughter of Martin Luther King, Jr.
talks about her controversial role in
"The Owl and the Pussycat"



Story and photos by Steve Wall

In the bad old days, when a young woman chose a stage career, tongues used to wag throughout her neighborhood. The predictions were dire, and usually about something like: "She'll come to no good."

We've come a long way since those days. But even so, when Yolanda King played the role of a prostitute on stage in Atlanta last summer she raised a few eyebrows. There were some people who felt such a role was unbecomingly for the daughter of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. Others claimed that a black woman shouldn't be performing before a white man, especially in the South. Still others objected on the grounds that at 15, Yolanda was too young to play the part of a prostitute, even a young, pretty and clever one who is ultimately attracted to an intellectual young man. As one Atlanta newspaper put it, rather crudely, "She plays the part of a dirty-whited whore."

Now that's unfair, I would think. Yolanda said indignantly when she read the review. "They should have said I was playing the part of Doris, the prostitute. It sounds better, anyway."

Laughter filled her dressing room at Atlanta's Alliance Theatre, where her make-up man was waiting to put on her 'face' for the next performance of "The Owl

and the Pussycat," just minutes away. A loud banging on the door interrupted the conversation. "You're on in five minutes," shouted a mystery voice.

Then Greg Patin, Yolanda's 21-year-old leading man, was at her dressing room door, fidgeting a bit impatiently. Greg plays the part of intellectual Felix, the only other character in the play. They were soon joined by Walter Roberts, the play's director. Roberts was a little more impatient than Greg. Curtain time had passed by ten minutes ago.

"We're never on time," Roberts murmured. "I guess you could say that we set our own curtain times around here. We've learned that being late is a fact of performance life."

Unruffled, Yolanda emerged from her dressing room. With Greg and Roberts she walked to the stage level. She walked like a hesitant young bride, and in her facial expression there were shades of her famous father. But her poise was all her own. She looked 19, maybe 21, but never 15.

The performance was on. For the next two and a half hours the audience at the Alliance watched and studied the characters. They laughed when square, bookish Felix tattled on his naughty neighbor, Doris, only to gain a roommate when she moved in with him after being evicted from her own



"People will give me breaks because of my father. But I want to make it for what I am myself."

apartment for her activities. "The original music bridged the scene well, and kept up a spirited mood."

Backstage, Roberts was tangled in giving directions while trying to keep up with the lines — all under a very dim light. Between signals, he talked about the plot.

"There's a unique coming together of the plot with those two," he said proudly. "They make wonderfully funny. Without Gail and Yolanda I would never have tried to do 'The Owl and Pussycat.'"

This "coming together" didn't happen all at once, however. There were the usual number of theatrical problems and fa-



starts in getting the play on stage. Roberts felt strongly from the beginning that Yolanda was the one to play the part of Doris, and as far back as the summer of 1970 he was working to get her interested. After careful deliberation, Yolanda accepted.

Yolanda and Greg had both played only in a few smaller roles. "I always try to make or break an actor with one big leading part," Roberts said. "This play has to be the making or breaking part for both Greg and Yolanda. Besides, I knew that this could be my last chance to cast Yolanda. Next year she'll be leaving Atlanta to go to Antioch, her mother's alma mater."

Then the top blew off Robert's plans. Because of a change in her family's schedule, Yolanda had to withdraw from the play. "I was always aware of that possibility," Roberts said. "With a family like the Kings, you have to work a year in advance."

Since Greg had already accepted the part, Roberts started a search for another leading lady. He auditioned 100 girls for Yolanda's part," he said. "Not one of that 100 could play the part. Yolanda was the one, but not because she was Dr. King's daughter. She had the personality and acting ability to make the role of Doris come alive.

"Everyone loved her," he con-

tinued. "She had that something that made everyone feel real good, all the way down to the heart."

The play as a production was looking hopeless, and Roberts was ready to dump the idea. Then he made one last attempt to get Yolanda to take the part. And because of another change in her family's plans, Yolanda was able to reconsider and accept the part. The play was on!

There was a catch, though. Time was running short, and there could be only five weeks of rehearsal.

"In a way it still looked hopeless," Roberts recalled. "Even Broadway plays have ten weeks of rehearsal. But Greg was ready, and I knew Yolanda could do it."

During those five weeks, Roberts worked with Yolanda to change her accent. The play originally called for Doris to speak with a Brooklyn drawl, but Roberts felt that it would be more appropriate for her to have a southern accent in the South. Yolanda didn't have a southern accent, so she had to work at it. "Don't youz folkes knows dat all we'z folkes tak lak dat?" she kidded her director.

"Yolanda is very mature for her age, and prepared for every situation," Roberts said. "And she never comes across as 'I am the Nobel Peace Prize recipient's daughter.' She's concerned for

others, and she has a way of turning the audience's response to other actors than herself."

After five weeks of rehearsal Yolanda was, according to Roberts, "almost ready." But after those first performances before live audiences, she smoothed out her rough edges and really got into the role.

Although the reviews of that first performance did grant that Yolanda showed promise as an actress, there was a lot of criticism, too. Roberts feels that much of this was unfair.

"This is Atlanta, but it is also the South," he said. "And even for Atlanta this play, these two actors, and the Actors Workshop are all about ten years ahead of the social thought in this city. Prejudices are here, too, but because the city is so large much of the vocal element is not heard.

"We wanted to be judged on our own merits, and we were a little disappointed," Roberts continued. "One close friend of mine—a little old lady—came up to me and said 'I am so sorry, and your family is so nice, too.' She looked very sympathetic indeed, and I thought she was referring to the unfair criticism of the play. But then she blew my mind when she went on to say, 'Yes, your family is so nice to be mixed up in such a terrible thing as this play and its actors. I am so



"This play shows a side life that some people never see. But we must show Do to the world."



sorry.' "

On this particular night there was no reason to apologize for the play. It was the last performance of the first week of the play's run, the "rough edges" were ironed out. The audience demanded several curtain calls from Greg and Yolanda. Then the two performers ran backstage.

Behind the curtains Yolanda's mother—and best admirer—was waiting. Coretta King had just returned to Atlanta after a week of speaking engagements across the U.S., and Yolanda was surprised to see her at the theater. Even with her actress's ability to 'put on,' Yolanda's fifteenishness showed through and she was obviously moved as she hugged her mother.

Mrs. King admits that she had some hesitation about her daughter's part in the play at first. "It's hard for a mother to be objective," she said, "but if this is what Yoki wants, then it's up to her to make it happen. The role or part is only a role or part. The play is only a play. The important thing is that she's being creative. And being creative is her idea of contributing to helping all people."

Mrs. King spoke of Yolanda's introduction to drama. "She wrote a play and two musicals when she was eight years old," her mother recalled with obvious

pride. "Then she produced and directed them. Her youngest sister and the Abernathy children played in them. So if drama is where Yoki wants to be, I do hope that she can make it happen. I am very pleased with her ability."

Quietly, Yolanda slipped from backstage down to her dressing room. She returned without her heavy stage make-up, and spoke of her role in the play.

"I guess the biggest problem came from the church," she said. "I was told that I should not be playing the part of Doris because I was Martin Luther King's daughter."

"I had to think about it for a long time," she continued. "The role showed a side of life that I had never seen. But I liked the role of Doris, and I decided to do it. It's fun, and now I feel at ease with the part. It's been an education, too. As long as our society exists we will have people like Doris. They have feelings of love and hate, and they want to get out of that type of life-style. So we must show Doris to the world. Maybe some good can come of this role."

As for the language in the play, Yolanda said, "I hear worse every day. It's part of life."

Right now, Yolanda wants to go into drama more deeply, but has qualms about any "special

advantages" that may be given her because of who she is, rather than because of her own talent. "Everyone enjoys advantages," she said. "But everyone also wants to feel that he's made it for what, not who, he is."

"Yolanda will always be sized up in terms of her father," director Roberts commented. "We know her that if she jumps a foot she gets a response."

Yolanda laughed. "You're right, though," she added. "People will give me breaks because of my father. And it will be difficult to be myself and make my own career. I always have to watch what I say, who I'm with, where I go. Even Greg was a little nervous about working with me as he'd had more experience. People have certain expectations, as they say 'do this or that.' Fathers ever say 'do it your way.'"

One of the expectations which people have for Yolanda is that she'll become a crusader like her father. "I say that we are all crusaders in our own way," she tells them. "My father did what he knew he should do. And I want to contribute in my own way, hopefully on stage. But even in the theater I plan to continue my relationship with the church, the role that my father never forgot."

"I believe all in all that I am a better person because of the play," Yolanda continued.

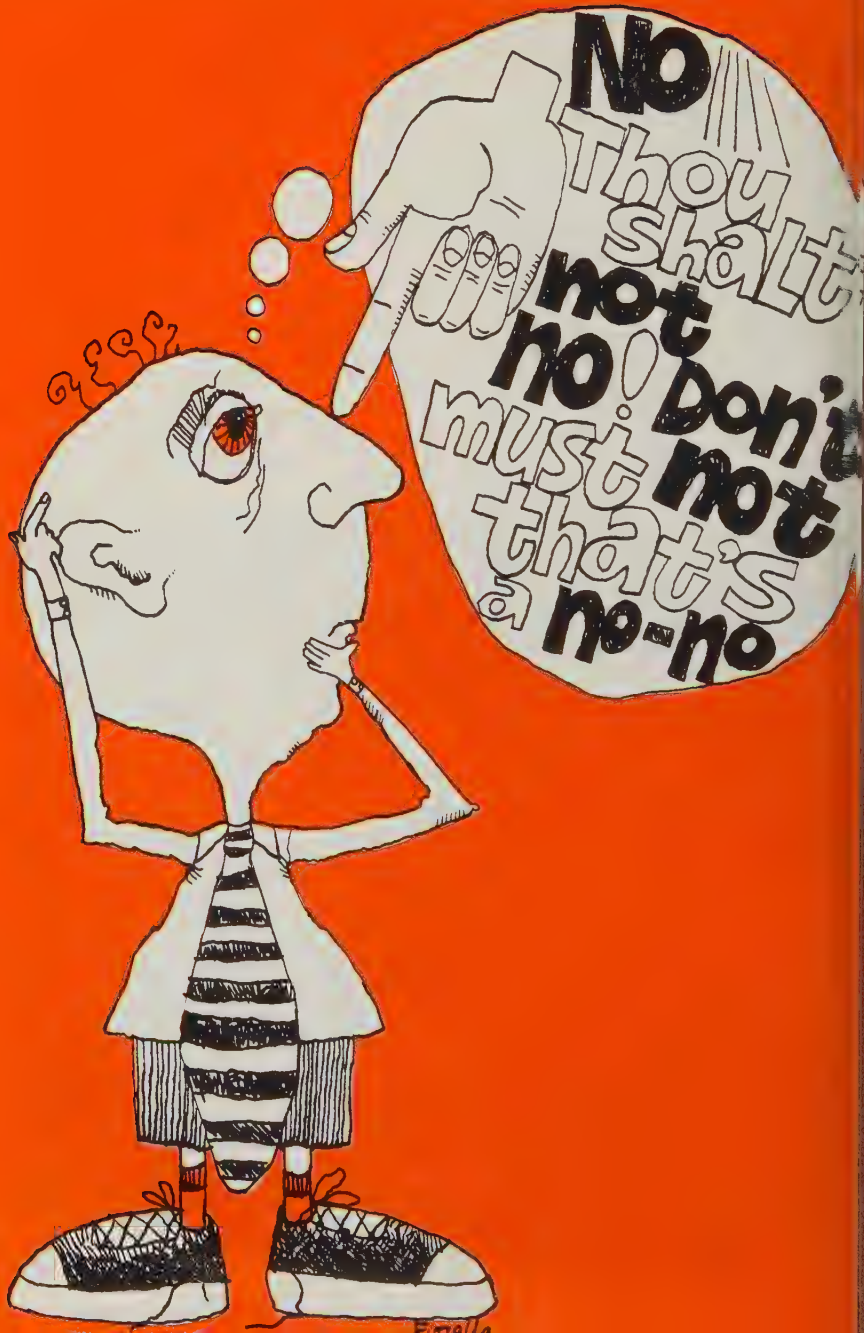
s given me experience in playing a leading role, it has made w friends for me and it has ven me more insight into life."

Just then, the stage lights went t. "I guess that's a hint for us go home," Yolanda said. "I'm ngy!"

Walter Roberts smiled. "Well, ose are my two kids," he boasted. "I guess I could sum everything up by saying that neither reg nor Yolanda will ever be child actors' again."

"We are all crusaders. My father did what he knew he should do, and I want to contribute in my own way."





Religion: the Misery and the Mystery

J. Barrie Shepherd

Illustrated by Rita Fiorella

Most of us, according to Bill Coffin, a famous (or to some people, famous) fellow chaplain from Yale, have got just enough religion to make ourselves miserable. We worry about whether we should go to church. We worry about what we should wear if we do go. We talk in the sanctuary and immediately start in worrying about where we should sit . . . not too far the front of course . . . must reserve a safe distance . . . and look out for the no-man's-land of the first two rows!

You could say that most of us have inherited just enough religion to bear, deeply imprinted upon our very beings, all of the things we shouldn't do: things like smoking and drinking and dancing and sneering and spitting and chewing and so on. All of the "Thou Shalt nots" of religion have somehow managed to penetrate; yet we never seem to get far enough to

discover what we **should** do.

Quite honestly, if we could ever actually obey all of the "Don'ts" that have been thought up by religion over the centuries, we would end up rooted to the spot . . . religious paralytics. But as it is, we usually find ourselves doing them anyway, and feeling miserably guilty about it. Yes, most of us do have just enough religion to make ourselves miserable.

But just a moment . . . hold everything! For if this is really the case, what are you doing sitting there reading this (so-called) religious magazine? And, for that matter, what am I doing sitting here writing about religion for this (so-called) religious magazine?

There are two possibilities. Either we are all dedicated masochists, or there has to be something more to religion than the popular distortions of it in which many, perhaps most of us, have grown up. Never having been a knowing self-flagellator, I choose the second alternative.

Briefly then, I want to take a look at religion as I experience it, and read about it today, to see whether I can discover a reasonable excuse for the fact that it still persists on the human scene; and even, on occasion, manages to turn out something like YOUTH magazine, which can be called many things, but not miserable.

The first thing that I would suggest to you is that religion is about



ultimate concern. Paul Tillich, the late theologian-philosopher, has made this phrase a famous one. Ultimate concern, according to Tillich, is that subterranean realm which lies beneath all of the everyday concerns, like popularity, success, status, security and respect, around which our lives seem to revolve. Ultimate concern is expressed, primarily, in questions; urgent, fundamental questions which somehow thrust themselves through to the surface of each person's life at one time or another. These questions might be raised upon graduating from high school, falling into, or out of love, joining the church, tripping, the death of a friend, beginning your first job, or embarking on four years of college.

These can be questions of meaning. What am I here for? What is life all about? Is there any real purpose behind all this, any goal,

anything worth striving for? Or this . . . this job, this church, the college, this education, this love, this life, all the product of chance, blind fate, colliding atoms, a tale told by an idiot?

Or they can be questions of value. Aren't there any values left? Is there such a thing any more: a single, firm, eternal value around which I, as an individual, can build a true commitment, a meaningful education, a worthwhile life?

Or they can be questions of relationship. I and Thou, Thou and I and It; how do we relate? As means to an end, or as ends in themselves? As persons to be respected, and even loved? Or opportunities to be exploited, projects and contacts, stepping stones on the road to success?

Questions, then, of meaning, of value, of relationship; this is the realm of the ultimate in which religion moves. It is, of necessity,



...m devoid of absolutes; a tenta-
 ... fragmentary realm of possi-
 ... y and hope, faith and promise.
 ... is a realm which stretches be-
 ... d the defined limits of human
 ... wledge into the areas of mys-
 ... and majesty, areas that defy
 ... nition and precise analysis.

... and the answers, when they be-
 ... to come to your ultimate ques-
 ... s, share this tentative, frag-
 ... ntary quality. Perhaps they are
 ... t characterized as answers
 ... ch bear an "indefinite cer-
 ... ty." Not a definite uncertainty,
 ... that is agnosticism, and no
 ... answer at all, but an elusive,
 ... definable certainty.

Dag Hammarskjöld, in an entry
 ... his journal, **Markings**, gives ex-
 ... ssion to this experience of "in-
 ... nite certainty" when he writes:

**I don't know Who—or what—
 ... ut the question. I don't know
 ... hen it was put. I don't even
 ... remember answering. But**

**at some moment I did answer
 YES to Someone—or
 Something—and from that
 hour I was certain that existence
 is meaningful and that,
 therefore, in self-surrender,
 had a goal.**

Soren Kierkegaard describes
 the man of religious faith as one
 who must also hold fast to the un-
 certainty, the doubt of it all. It
 is as if, Kierkegaard suggests, he
 were "floating out over the deep,
 over seventy thousand fathoms of
 water, still preserving his faith."

I believe that this realm of the
 ultimate is the same realm which
 those of us who experiment (how-
 ever mistakenly at times) with
 drugs, or meditation, are seeking
 to explore as we react against to-
 day's empty, activist, production-
 oriented, war-and racism-domi-
 nated society. Rabbi Abraham
 Heschel expresses this motivation,
 as well as that of religion, in **The**

Insecurity of Freedom:

Mankind will not perish for lack of information; it may well collapse for want of appreciation.

Religion, then, is ultimate concern, concern with life and death and meaning, with love and hate, joy and pain, faith and fear. Religion is concerned with the ultimate dimensions of life.

But that is not all. For Tillich speaks most persuasively of a kind of tension which is basic to all true religion, a tension between what he calls the vertical and the horizontal. The Cross and the Star of David, the symbols of our two

major Western religions, are both combinations of the horizontal and the vertical. So, along with the vertical dimension of concern with the ultimate, true religion combines the horizontal dimension: concern for fellow man, and the entire natural creation.

"Return to the world," an monk told the Greek writer Nikos Kazantzakis, who was attempting to find sanctity in a monastery on Mount Sinai. "Return to the world. In this day and age the world is the true monastery; this is where you will become a saint."

Mahatma Gandhi, when urg



an old age to retire to a mountain cave for the last contemplative approach to God, as was traditional in the Hindu code, recorded: "My Himalaya is here. I can only find God among men."

In **Prisoner for God**, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the young German theologian who was hanged during World War II by the Nazis, described the religious life as being essentially "a new life, for others, through participation in the Being of God."

So, as we ask our ultimate questions and form our tentative answers on the vertical plane, we

must also move out horizontally, to live out these answers in loving concern for our fellow men. Jesus Christ, the founder of the Christian religion, has been described quite simply and fully as "the man for others." And the prophets, those formers and molders of the religion of Israel, are unsurpassed in their deep concern for the poor, the oppressed and the needy of their age. Religion, they proclaimed again and again, is not just a matter of ritual observance, or social respectability. True religion demands and requires expression in concern for fellow





en; in the way you treat your
dows and orphans, in the way
u run your businesses and col-
t your taxes, in the way you
point your judges and choose
ur leaders.

It is this horizontal dimension of
ncern that Teilhard de Chardin,
e great priest and paleontolo-
st, acknowledges when he writes:

**To the full extent of my power
... I wish from now on to be
the first to become conscious of
all that the world loves, pursues
and suffers: I want to be the
first to seek, to sympathize and
to suffer; the first to open
myself out and sacrifice myself;
to become more widely human
and more nobly of the earth
than any of the world's servants.**

Concern with the ultimate, and
ncern for others; prayer and
ditation expressing itself in
nion and reconciliation. And the
ze is as essential as the other.
Without the vertical, religion
regenerates into an activist escape
from the ultimate; keeping busy in
er to keep the mind from stray-
ing onto painful, demanding, and
ually unanswerable questions.
Without the horizontal plane,
igion is prostituted into an
erworldly, sectarian retreat, cut
from ultimate reality by its total
lack of concern for the fellow
man beings who are a part of
that reality.

So far this has all seemed
ner serious. And so it should.

But serious does not have to mean
solemn, pompous, or even dull. It
should not leave us haunted, like
H. L. Mencken's puritan, "by the
fear that somewhere, someone
may be happy." Religion, along
with all of its seriousness, means
celebration. It means affirmation
of life, joy, hope and love. And
what more is there to celebrate?

We are set free by the faith,
tentative though it may be, that
the meaning of the universe and
the purpose of life are to be found
in the supreme power of love re-
vealed at the heart of God Himself.
In the new life for others which
this faith opens up we are set
gloriously free to celebrate. In his
book, **To Believe in God**, the poet
Joseph Pintauro says:

**To believe in God is to get high
on love enough to look down at
your loneliness, and forget it,
forever . . .**

**To believe in God is to build
a bridge between yourself, and
everything worth being one
with . . .**

**To believe in God is to drink
wine, it is to eat bread, not
by yourself, but by some other
magic.**

Concern for the ultimate, con-
cern for others, and in all of this,
celebration; this is religion as I see
it today. This is what it means to
live a truly religious life.



What's a Nice Church Like You Doing in a Place Like This?

by Gary Martin
Photos by David M. Breed

There is a man
made of mustache wax
at six and a half
And says I love you.

There is a man
made of understanding,
a gentle voice
that soothed my fear
At a time I needed him.

There is a man
who wears candy clothes
and passes sunshine to all-
To all that smile into his eyes

There is a man
made of mustache wax
at six and a half
And says I love you.

he man made of mustache wax
George Stewart, pastor of the
Church of the Advent and pro-
rietor of the People's Free Store
Tulsa, Oklahoma. George first
w the author of the poem when
he poet was brought into the
ore, freaked on a lethal com-
ination of morphine and alcohol.

George is modest, and he doesn't
y a lot about what went on with
e poet during the next ten days.
ut the poem itself, and the fact
at the poet is still a regular
customer" at the store, gives
ome idea of what happens at
3th and Cincinnati in Tulsa.

owntown Tulsa is a clean place.
o people clutter up the streets
they used to, since major stores
l moved to the suburbs years
go. Now only the big banks and
l companies remain, and their
yscrapers, while government
ildings and parking lots grow
between them. There are some
ry large churches too.

he inner-city blight has not come
Tulsa—at least not in the in-
r-city. The blighted area forms
ring around central Tulsa. It's
sy to spot on the map. The new
pressway system, now under
nstruction, forms exactly the
ne ring around center city. As
u head south from central Tul-
you pass rather suddenly the
companies and the huge

churches and enter a section of
small bars and shops, with a lot
of rubble and debris from the
demolition of buildings that have
yielded to the expressways. A few
run-down houses remain. You
probably won't notice a sort of
dingy brick storefront building
that has a sign, "Church of the
Advent." But you'll notice the
kids. On any day, from early af-
ternoon until well after midnight,
there will be young people on the
sidewalk in front, all around the
parking lot, and inside. About
200 drop in every day. Some
stay—some go on.

What you're looking at is the
People's Free Store. The kids you
see there are not swingers, not the
kind whose pictures you'll see in
the society section of the **Tulsa
Tribune**. The boys usually have
long hair, wear blue jeans and
cowboy boots, perhaps leather
vests. The girls are similarly at-
tired, except perhaps for the cow-
boy boots. Most people in Tulsa
call them "hippies" or worse.
These kids would not feel wel-
come in the big churches a few
blocks away. Many are drop-outs
from home, school, and society.
Most of them have extensive first-
hand knowledge of the drug cul-
ture. Some have police records;
and some are out on probation.

The store is open to people of all
ages. Several times I've seen one

boy who can't be over 12 at the store well after midnight. Some are as young as seven, and occasionally an 80-year-old walks in just to see what's happening. But it is the teenagers who are most attracted to the store. The majority of them are white. About a fifth are Indians, and a few are Black. (The Black ghetto in Tulsa is traditionally on the North side of town. The barrier to mobility toward the South once provided by the railroad track has now been strengthened by two branches of the expressway.)

As you talk with these kids you learn that many of them, even those quite young, are on their own. Broken homes, alcoholic parents and absent fathers are the rule, not the exception, for them. You don't hear much about family life. But you know that some are there because they would rather not be with their families.

It is sort of hard to say what these 200 kids do at the store. It's much easier to say what they don't do. They don't necessarily worship at the church, and they don't necessarily buy and sell at the store. Perhaps the graffiti artist described the Monday-Saturday crowd best when he scrawled on a door:

**We need
to have people
who mean something to us—**

People to whom we can turn

**Knowing that being with them is
Coming home.**

This was the message that came through loud and clear to me the first time I visited the People's Free Store. I sat down on the sidewalk in front of the store with four or five "regulars." The atmosphere was free and easy. Some were playing cards. Some were listening to records. Others were playing dominoes, and still others were just hanging around. An Indian youth began to play the guitar. I had three recorders (wooden flutes) in the car, so I started up a jam session. It turned out that the guitarist was equally talented on the recorder.

The next evening the same group was there. As I listened, I heard no mention of school, though they were clearly of high school age. As the conversation went on, I learned that one of the group had spent a good deal of time in jail, was a waii and had lived all over the country. Another had been expelled from half of Tulsa's schools, and had hitchhiked to California, lived in Utah for a while, and had then returned to Tulsa.

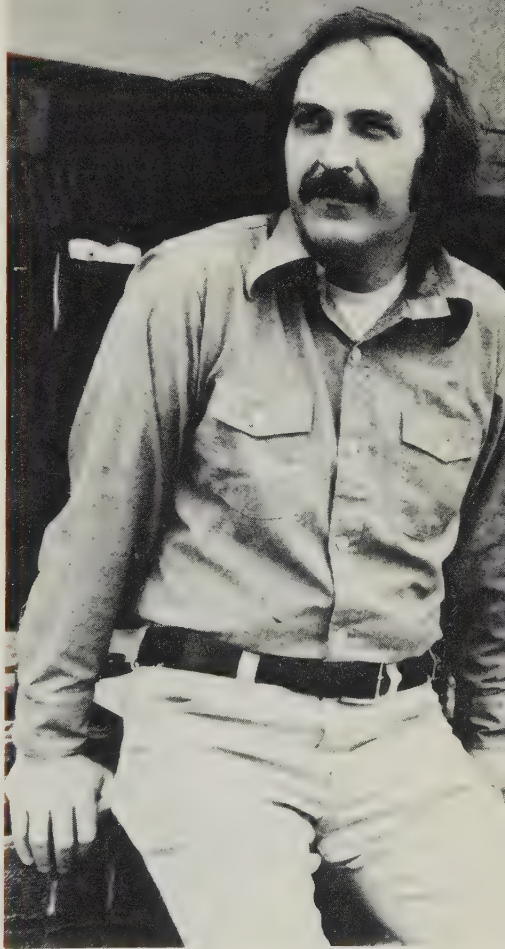
Home for them, it appeared, was not where they slept, but the People's Free Store: "I want to be with my people," one young person

id. "Tulsa is all right—it could be anywhere—but my people are here."

At the People's Free Store is only one part of the ministry of the Church of the Advent. The church began two years ago, when about a dozen families expressed their concern for what was happening in the ring around Tulsa's central city. These families belonged to the John Knox Presbyterian Church, in one of Tulsa's most elegant residential areas. These families wanted to start a new church with a new ministry.

The Church of the Advent was formed, with financial support from other churches in the presbytery and from the United Presbyterian Board of National Missions. George Stewart was called minister, and the small congregation began to worship in a rent-building at various times during the week. The group really had no church building of their own, but they set that concern aside for a time to get on with the business of the church's ministry.

The Free Store was opened in a separate building on a temporary basis at first. "Charter members" of the Church of the Advent saw the store as a listening post in the community. It was also a place where anyone who made anything could sell it, and it was a place



The store people, whether they join the church or not, are watching it "out of the corner of their eye."



You don't hear much about family life at People's Free Store. For many youth, the store is home.

where people could come and have some coffee, play cards or just talk. Most important, they would not be told to "move."

It was a happy accident, really, that brought the church's voice and the store's ministry together. Through some mix-up, the living room used for Thursday night services got rented out to a group of square dancers for the same time slot as the worshippers. Since it was awkward, at best, to now meditating with do-si-do-ing, the congregation held their worship service at the store that Thursday evening.

They never went back to the old "dance hall." The small congregation felt a greater sense of community in the small area of the store. Furthermore, some of the young people who had visited the store also came for the worship services. For the first time, the "establishment" members of the Church of the Advent were worshipping together with the "street people" who found home at the store.

"There is an unwritten, 'invisible' standing' of what should and should not go on in a church building." George Stewart said. "But the storefront seems relatively free of these preoccupations. I'm convinced that more of our support and freedom

the result of the fact that we're
in a building with a steeple
it." The life, ministry, and
worship of the Church of the Ad-
vent now all take place at one
place only, the People's Free Store.

When I asked George to give me
a rundown of a typical week's
program in the store, he was hesi-
tant. "It's often better to wait un-
til the week is over to see what's
actually happened," he replied.
Our planning is often combined
with unexpected events. Changes
and surprises are part of our ex-
perience of God's spirit in our
 midst."

It's indeed the surprises that have
brought the experiences of God's
presence at the Church of the Ad-
vent. And often, what starts out
as an unpleasant surprise, and a
disaster, ends up as a very welcome
change. When a lot of young peo-
ple began to congregate around
the storefront, the police increas-
ed their surveillance. One eve-
ning's activities developed into a
frisbee game that spread across
13th Street, a wide and busy
thoroughfare. Police officers en-
tered the store and informed Pas-
cal George that anyone lingering
on the sidewalk in front of the
store would be arrested. George
called a lieutenant at the police
station, explained his situation,
and inaugurated a new era of
peaceful feeling. There are no more

frisbee games across 13th Street.
Neither is there any sort of police
harassment.

Another problem arose when a
few of those who frequented the
store were buying and selling
illegal drugs on the parking lot.
Not only were all of those present
at the time of the sale liable to
arrest, but several young people
would automatically lose their
probation.

A store council was formed to
deal with the matter. Now the
bulletin board at the store dis-
plays a stern warning against
pushing drugs on the premises.
Anyone who violates this rule
must meet privately with the
council. The offender's name is
posted on the bulletin board and
he or she is banished from the
store for up to a month.

The store council takes this action
not to protect the reputation of
the store itself, but to protect its
clientele. The store's reputation,
however, is of concern to those
who use it. "I don't want you to
think the store is a bad influence
on people," one boy said. "It's
not a place for dealing or scoring
dope. It has helped me."

The store, at this point, was pro-
viding several kinds of help. But
it soon became clear that many
of the kids who dropped in need-
ed another kind of help from time

to time—emergency medical care. The Church of the Advent and the store council had agreed to rent the brick building next door as a free medical clinic, but there was no financial support from either the churches or the community.

Then, early this year, the store had a surprise visit from a fundamentalist church group in Tulsa. They were intent upon evangelizing the people who used the store, and they started buttonholing people and handing out tracts outlining "God's Simple Plan for Salvation." Because of their hard-sell tactics, they were quickly opposed by Advent members who tried to make it clear that they, too, were a church. But the fundamentalist group called the store a sin hole, claiming vociferously that the operation of the store was of the devil, not of God.

After a long and rather heated exchange, the fundamentalist group left. But they were back the next week. "There were thinly-veiled threats that they would either save us or shut us down," George said. The confrontation ended with a heated encounter between the evangelistic group and the store kids.

The fundamentalists' attacks grew stronger, and the leader of the group made public his sharp crit-

icisms of the store. As the matter was aired in the newspapers and on TV, support for the store came up. From the publicity came a lot of money, medical supplies, and volunteer time. The Tulsa County Health Department offered to do the clinic's lab work free. The store established a family planning clinic in the store's facilities. At this point, the clinic is in better financial shape than either the store or the church.

"The evangelists were seeing people," Pastor George said. "They were doing what they thought they must do. And they started us defining what we were about, what it is that we were for. They were quite right in saying that we all need something to live for — some purpose, some meaning in life. At the Church of the Advent we believe that people to that meaning are found in the life and words of Jesus Christ. We believe that what Jesus said he did told us a great deal about what is really important. We believe that everyone finds meaning in his life—finds a reason for being alive. And we're prejudiced. We believe that meaning can be found in trying to understand Jesus. But we're not going to force that understanding on anyone."

What the Church of the

saying is that God has no favorites. It does not see the store as a way to get more church members, but as a way to serve. The members of the Church of the Advent have seen a need and responded to it. Their particular ministry cannot be performed behind stained-glass windows. But whether can all ministry be performed in a storefront.

The store people, whether they usually join the church itself or not, are always watching it. "They wander in and around us," George said, "having fun, talking serious—and forever testing. And al-

ways, always, watching out of the corner of their eye."

As one teenager, who is clearly "watching," put it: "I look around and see religious people who are helping freaks. I'm not sure what I think about God, but with a place like this, I can't dismiss him very easily."

People can come to sit, drink some coffee, play cards or just talk. And they are never told to "move on."



WHO AM I?

BY ROGER L. SHINN

Show me, O God, who am I?
Show me, or show me how to find out.

I've seen my computer card.
It looks like a thousand others,
except the slots aren't quite the same.

They say it tells my age, height, weight, and sex; how smart
whether I pay my bills; that I have an appendix but no teeth;
that I'm better with words than numbers; that I passed my driver's
test and got a license; that I was arrested once in a demonstration.
I don't know how many of these cards there are for me—at school
at the store where I had a summer job, at the credit bureau,
city hall, maybe in Washington.

That card is a stand-in for me.

But it's paper.

I'm flesh and blood and yearning and suffering and hope.

What has that card to do with me?

Show me, O God, who am I?

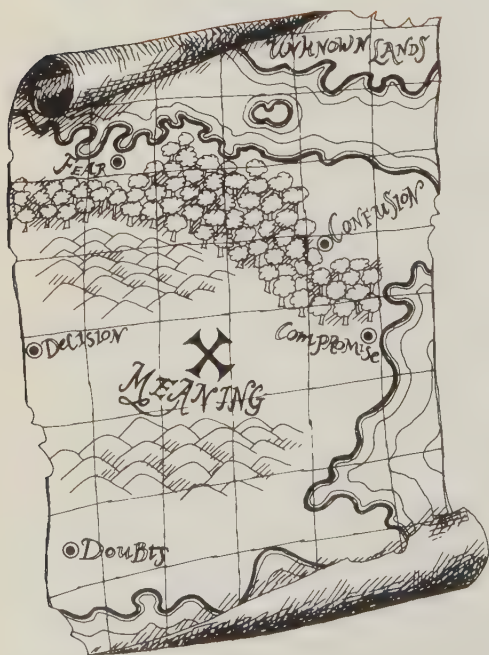
ometimes I look at my finger prints.
ey are mine, mine alone.
But they can be the property of somebody else.
They look pretty much like anybody's. From three feet away I don't
see any difference.
t they're unique. There's no confusion about them.
ver in all past history have there been those prints.
ver in all future history will there be those prints or this self.
ey never change. But I know I've changed. I'm not the same person
I was two years ago. Who am I going to be? A parent? A master
or slave?
matter who I become, the prints will be the same.
hat have they to do with me?
ow me, O God, who am I?

undred people say they know me, but I wonder
whether I know myself.
I the I who lusts or the I who loves?
I the I who craves friends or who wants to be alone? The I who
grasps or who gives? The I who wants approval or who rebels?
I the I that the audience said was so confident
or the I that was shaking?
ey am I here?
o am I meant to be?
I there be a cross in my life? If so, I half understand.
A resurrection: If so, I'm not sure I understand.

ow me, O God, who am I?
ow me, or show me how to find out.

The Search for Meaning in an Anything- Goes World

by Barry Bricklin, Ph.D.
and Patricia M. Bricklin, Ph.D.



Illustrated by Sandy Bauer

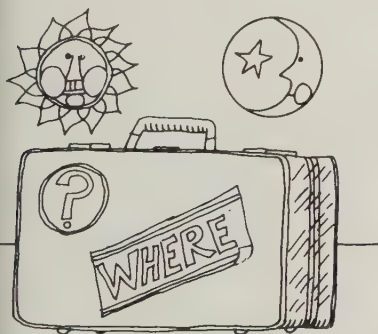
"Dear Doctors: I am not certain you are the right people to help me, but I'm hoping you can. I don't seem to come from anything obvious. Like I'm not anxious, and I don't fight with my younger brothers. I do okay in school, and I don't hassle my parents. I've thought it over and the best idea that comes up with is that I seem to lack a central purpose in life. Maybe it's funny to put it this way, but I really don't know who I am . . ."

This letter was from a 16-year-old girl. She went on to say that she felt confused, that she lacked a center of inner gravity — a home-base feeling that would give meaning and purpose to her life.

All of us have an "identity" problem, but we don't always talk about it in the same words. In response to a questionnaire, various teenagers expressed themselves as follows:

- How can I find the real purpose of my life, and is it ever more than just a compromise?
- I feel lost in a society I see as cold and impersonal. How can I find myself in a world like this?
- So many kids today are busy conforming to their peer groups. How does a person find himself in this kind of set-up?
- What bugs me is that when I ask adults for help in finding myself, they tell me don't worry, it happens "naturally" when you're older. I want help now, not in five years.

These are extremely difficult issues. The only person to whom we can, at least in part, give a quick response (and be sure we're right) is to the lost one. You are quite correct to doubt the wisdom of those who put you off with the don't-worry-it-comes-natural. This piece of wisdom, to put it briefly, is for the birds. The search for meaning does not come easy—and the answer does not come “naturally,” at least not in the sense your adult sage implies, that is, “without effort.” The search for a feeling of meaning or purposefulness preoccupies people at all ages and of all conditions.



What is a Sense of Meaning'?

There are two types of personal meaning. The complicated thing is that we often use identical terms in both instances, and hence confuse one with the other.

A young man complaining, “My life is meaningless,” may mean either: (a) that *he* personally feels meaningless, or (b) that what he does with

his time—his pursuits and activities—seems unimportant and meaningless to him.

For a psychologist, it is terribly important to differentiate these two different varieties of meaning, since they have different histories and, in their absence, cause very different problems. A feeling that the very self lacks meaning is a far more serious condition.

The following complaint was made by a 19-year-old boy. You can note that he does not suffer from a feeling that he, personally, is meaningless. What he does suffer from is a feeling that none of his jobs have been meaningful.

“I feel okay most of the time and sort of enjoy some of the things I do. But I never seem to enjoy the jobs I get. On the whole, however, I’ve led a fairly good life and am reasonably happy most of the time.”

Compare his complaint to the following one, given by one of our female patients:

“Nothing has any meaning. I have had a whole series of jobs that other people would consider not only interesting but fascinating. I’ve worked for a detective agency, a newspaper and a TV station. I’ve met glamorous and swinging people. But yet the whole thing seems hollow. My life feels empty.”

This girl has not developed primary self-esteem—the feeling that her very self, as well as life itself, are meaningful and worthwhile.

*The development of
primary self-esteem:
the sense that life
and one's very self
are meaningful*

Primary self-esteem — the bed-rock sense of personal meaning—is built on two convictions. One is the conviction that life itself is meaningful. Put simply, this conviction refers to a deep-set gut belief that it makes sense to live. The other is the conviction that the self—everything a person might call "I" or "me" —is meaningful.

Although these convictions are (hopefully) re-affirmed each day, they have their roots in infancy, in the quality of early mothering. If a mother is reasonably in tune with her child and can respond adequately to his needs, he will develop the conviction that the outer world is dependable and good. From this will flow a feeling that it makes sense to live.

To a young infant, the mother is the entire world. She can make life heaven or hell for him. If she is able to gauge when he is hungry and feed him, when he is uncomfortable and change him, when he is lonely and hold him, he will develop a sense that the world is dependable and can be trusted. In the child's mind, this is perceived as a wordless sense of goodness—a gut trust in the beauty of life.

Once the "normal" child has consolidated the feeling that the world is dependable, his parents' next job is to

help him form the idea that he personally is worthwhile. The mother's attitude toward the child's body is of decisive importance here—for that is the way, is what the child essentially is at this time—a body. Does she hold him? Touching him? Smelling him? Does she cuddle him? Or, on the other hand, does she find his body hard to take? Difficult to relate to? Repugnant? Disgusting?

If the mother is fairly accurately responding to the child's needs, he finds his body pleasant and good, the child will develop the conviction that life and he are indeed worthwhile.



*Developing a sense
that one's activities
are meaningful*

Here we move into an area that is not so heavily pre-determined by infantile experiences. Nevertheless, the story must start at that point. We start first with an idea that is so basic—"push," "drive," and "ambition," indeed to the very ability to pursue any activity at all, that we are almost

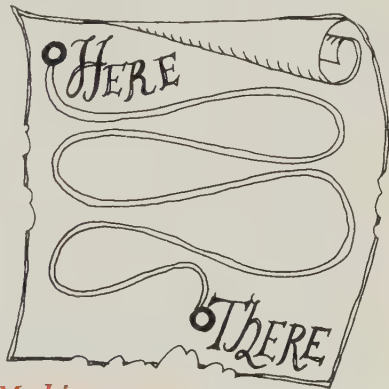
ing with a part of the self. We refer to the sense of initiative—to that thing we call “willpower.” For without adequate willpower it is impossible to find any activity meaningful.

In speaking of willpower, we speak of more than just the ability to do or to accomplish things. We refer to the ability to *value* one’s willpower . . . to find the results of one’s exertions meaningful and good. Even people haunted by a sense of emptiness are usually able to do things—often contentedly. But what they lack is the ability to look upon the fruits of their exertions—the embodiments of their willpower—as good and hence as meaningful. And in this we see the connecting link back to early childhood. For the very first assessments or “marks” or ratings the child gets for his willpower are those bestowed by his parents.

Once the child discovers that he has will of his own, he enjoys testing it out. Will his life then become a matter of being told, “be careful, don’t touch that, get away from there, stop it, put that down, quit it, why don’t you watch what you’re doing, can’t you do anything right? Should these parental attitudes prevail, the child will develop a sense that his own willpower—his own intentions—are bad. From here, it is a short step to the conclusion that *none* of his activities make sense.

We are now ready to move into the area where progress depends entirely on what the individual is willing to

do for himself. In fact, the truth of the matter is that while early parental attitudes can (unfortunately) put a permanent crimp in a sense of meaning, they cannot guarantee one in any positive way. All they can do is set the stage—take the person so far, and then leave him on his own.



Making sense to ourselves

In the final analysis, if a person is to develop a sense of meaning, he must make sense to himself. That is, he must value what he is doing. In modern, western societies, this means he must have a “purpose” that he deems meaningful. For most of us this means also that what we are doing must be valued by our culture—or at least some part of that culture. Those who find it possible to persevere with activities considered meaningless by everybody else are either creative geniuses or madmen, probably the latter. Even creative geniuses are usually following in at least *some* established tradition—although that tradition may

currently be either in neglect or disrepute. We can think of no example in history where an individual created an entire value system out of his own head from scratch.

We'll return later to this theme, the necessity of acting within a framework considered meaningful by at least some segment of one's society. We're certain it has already occurred to you that this is a sticky issue in today's socio-political climate.

For now, let us pose this question: how does one go about developing the sense that one's activities make sense and are meaningful?

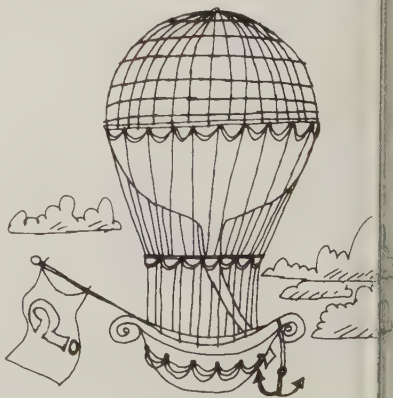
Since the individual must embrace activities that are meaningful *to him*, he must be willing to make decisions. This means he must be able to tolerate the confusion, the fear of being wrong, the uncertainty of the future, the befuddlement and the frequent absence of necessary data that plague all decision-makers. In short, no matter what doubts and fears prevail, there must be some basic courage.

"Hold on," you say, "what if the person doesn't have courage? And besides, how can a person who has not yet found himself have complete courage? And for that matter, how can we know if our choices are even remotely right?"

First, the courage doesn't have to be complete. Second, most people misunderstand what courage is. Courage is not an inner conviction that one's decisions will prove correct. It is the

willingness to get on with it knowing that on many occasions they will be wrong. After all, in most of the situations where we must make choices there is no possible way to have all the necessary information when it is needed. We must march on with the knowledge that unfolding facts may prove us not only unwise, but also wrong.

Third, courage, to a large degree, can be learned. It is not something one is born with. Put simply, courage is learning to be realistic. It is in this area that so many of us fall down. We tell ourselves it would be catastrophically horrible should we fail at something, misjudge something, act foolishly. Actually, to do any of these things is simply to be human. Courage, then, is the ability to recognize something for what it is. It is the capacity to see mistakes and failures for what they are, temporary setbacks and inconveniences, and not as the horrors the catastrophizing segment of our mind seems to insist.



Tip: *When you make a decision, do not vow that it must be correct. Vow only to remain open enough, flexible enough, alert enough and non-defensive enough to re-examine it as you go along.*

Throw yourself behind your choices, do not link your pride to them. If you link your pride to them—that is, if you feel your total sense of self stands or falls with the correctness of your decisions—you will be too headed to reconsider those which you are reconsidering.

And remember, there is no way to know ahead of time if your choices and your decisions will be right. All you can do is vow to stay open to all coming data and information so that you can correct off-course behavior.

Since your decisions and choices must make sense to you, and since your life can only be meaningful if you are meaningful, there are two other things you must accomplish within yourself before activities—any activities—will be meaningful to you. First, *you must become a real person.* What does this mean? It means you must stand on your own feet, have a point of view. You accomplish this by accepting the responsibility to stay informed and to evaluate your experiences.

In these processes, gathering and evaluating information, you form the kernel of the “real you,” an alive, decision-making you. Only when you accept the responsibility to gather and evaluate information will you be more

than a sponge, more than a reflection of the ideas and desires of others.

And second in the quest to make yourself meaningful to yourself, you must make yourself talented and *interesting*—interesting not only to others but to yourself. Here we speak of a topic on which we could write volumes. Suffice it to say that whether you choose to be a Zen practitioner sitting quietly in a garden, a hippie traveling the world, or a capitalistic businessman raking in money, if you want to feel meaningful, you must develop at least some talents and some skills. If not, you are a dead, uninteresting shell, incapable of feeling meaningful *because you aren't meaningful.* You are a balloon not yet inflated, a seed not watered, a vessel as yet unfilled. In addition, you are meaningless to others as you have nothing to offer them except your emptiness.

Even the philosopher sitting quietly under the tree has a potent and full inner life . . . an inner life characterized by the discipline of effective thinking. External quietness—if that quietness is to be fulfilling—is never based on emptiness. It is based on alive and rich observations and thoughts—observations and thoughts arrived at through diligent seeking and patient mulling over. *In short, it is arrived at through the exercise of skills.*

Keep in mind that a sense of meaning will not flow into you from the outside world. You must forge one for yourself. *You don't find or discover*

your sense of meaning . . . you build it.

In making choices and commitments, stay alive to three sources of feedback, three sources in terms of which you can evaluate if what you are doing is right for you: (a) your inner thoughts and feelings, (b) your outer actions, and (c) the opinions of trusted others. Place primary emphasis on (a) and (b).

People are used to depending on their inner thoughts and feelings to evaluate their actions. This is "standard," and we have nothing to add. And we are all used to paying at least some attention—perhaps too much—to the opinions of others. But there is a rich source of data most of us pay little attention to in evaluating where we have been and where we are going. This source is: what do we typically *do* when faced with such and such? Psychotherapists have pioneered this area. Suppose we notice that a young patient becomes insulting whenever he is in the presence of his girlfriend. We ask him how he feels toward that girl. He says, and believes: "I feel fine toward her." But we know differently—for chronic action tendencies speak louder than words.

What you persistently do when faced with a certain thing is a much more valid barometer of your deep down feelings than what you say or think.

Pose it to yourself this way: "When I am faced with (whatever you are interested in evaluating), *how do I typically act?*" The answer to this question

will tell you a good bit about your deep, unconscious attitudes.



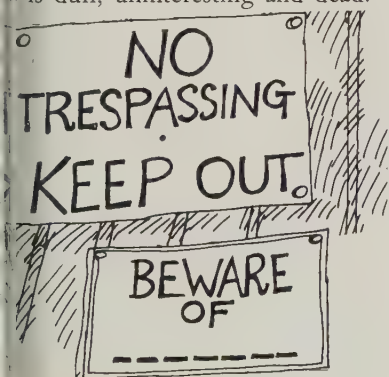
Tips on finding yourself

Remember that a sense of peace and meaning is rarely achieved at once. It is a constant in time. Don't expect to awaken some morning, jump out of bed, and say, "A click of your heels, and scream: Eureka! I've found it! I've found my purpose in life." Rather expect to come to know with a certain something that grows slowly. This "something" may never be crystal clear. And expect doubt as well as detours and wrong turns. As we have shown, the only effective weapon you have against all this is an open mind and flexibility.

Remember that interest and meaning do not reside "out there" in the world. They reside within. If the first thing is to feel meaningful, you must make it that way, and this you do through *your* skills and *your* energy and *your* inquisitive mind and *your* opinions and *your* evaluations. If we are bored it is because we are

ing enough to the situation that boring us.

Although one cannot sit back and expect meaning to flow in from the eternal world, there is, unfortunately, much in our upbringing which gives false information in this regard. Television and drugs are the two main offenders. They encourage a person to think he can just sit back and be fed a ready diet of interesting things. But whatever false fulfillment flows from the tube or a joint lasts only a short time. Compare blues and jazz, which were developed slowly over time and which reflect the real traditions of real people, with acid rock. Acid rock—created in an instant out of nothing—*is* dead. Just as a person who fails to develop talents or interests is dull, uninteresting and dead.



*by the search
for meaning
especially hard
wadays*

One of the decisive reasons why the search for meaning is so difficult to-

day is because of the scant help we get from our societal institutions, including religion. We live in an age of relativity, in which it is difficult to prove that any particular way of looking at things is better than any other way. Hence, nobody wants to listen to anybody else anymore. Why should we? After all, if we all have our own truths, how can anybody tell us anything? Never before have we been left so blatantly to our own devices.

The platitudes of our elders, including our religious leaders, are no longer accorded gospel status. There is a spirit of questioning, or challenge, in the air. Authority figures are asked to prove the truth of their commandments. The old-style religion bit—talk a big game on Sunday and do whatever you want during the week—has not solved most of the pressing problems of humanity and everyone seems not only to know this but to say it out loud.

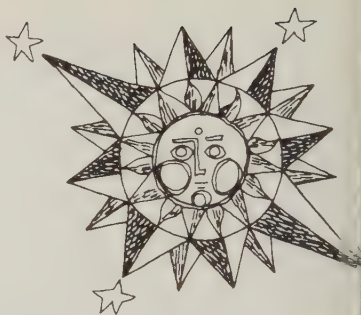
Thus we grapple with the philosophical fall-out of the theory of relativity. Never mind that this is not really what the theory of relativity means, that anything goes . . . that everything has equal value. This is what everyone seems to think it means. So a contribution to social welfare is looked upon as no more valuable than staring at a dirty belly button. So be it. These are the attitudes with which we must struggle today. This is the environment in which we must forge our senses of meaning.

Who has the answer? The religionists? But their way—if we have really

tried their way—has not done what it should have done.

The psychologists? Sociologists? How about the anthropologists? They write all these books supposedly showing what animal nature is all about. We are sex or aggression machines. We are territory defenders. Can we find some answer here? The theory is that if we can find out what motivates other forms of life we will find out what it is we are supposed to be doing! Communal living or defending our territory? Helping each other or fighting to aggrandize ourselves? Feeling and touching each other? Encountering each other? Eating organic foods?

The trouble is, we are not really interested in listening to *any* authority figures anymore. We were promised too much and given too little. We are not certain they possess the truth any more than we are certain we possess it. We are on our own . . . and scared. And when people are scared because they can find no values with which to guide themselves, they tend to do one of three things. They either: (a) go along with life as it is, (b) become zealously religious, or (c) seek wild sensual pleasures in an attempt to quiet their inner doubts. All three tendencies can be seen in our present culture, especially (b) and (c).



Where does this leave us?

Although it is harder today than it was in yesteryear to infuse our activities with meaning and purpose, it is not impossible. However, never before has it been so obvious that the answers cannot come from outside of ourselves — from traditional sources of authority. If our lives are to have meaning, *we* must furnish this meaning. Hence we must become effective decision makers. This in turn means we must accept the responsibility to gather and evaluate information, to develop points of view so that there is a real core to our beings, be ever ready to shift and shake through our opinions and attitudes and prepared to just or discard those that need it. Finally, on the bases of these steps, to be willing to make decisions.

Assets in these endeavors would be openness to new data, and learning not to catastrophize over mistakes, judgments, and wrong turns.

It is also an asset to give up the (infantile) notion we all cherish deep down inside, that life should be perfectly fulfilling and free of inconvenience.

One young person, in framing a question to us, wondered if "life was for more than just a compromise." There are two things this question could mean: (1) Does one ever reach a point where there are no internal doubts over the courses of action one embarks on? And (2) To be happy, must we adjust our own wishes to dovetail with those of others?

The answer is "no" to the first question, and "yes" to the second. No, one rarely reaches absolute certainty about anything, and yes, compromise is part of the very fabric of life. Not only must we compromise with others, but with ourselves as well. This follows from the principle that a person may not have two contradictory things, and each may be desired with equal intensity. Not all of our goals are compatible. For example, external (even internal) success is not compatible with complete relaxation. We can purchase one only at the expense of the other. That we like to do as teenagers or adults is not always consonant with the happiness of those we love, and whose well-being we are sincerely interested.

Life is a search for balancing points—for accommodations where the interests of all parties are realized to the highest degree possible. Seen this way, a compromise is not a "negative"

—something to be despised as second best. It is a search to maximize the happiness of all interested parties, where sometimes the "interested parties" may be two aspects of your very own personality.

Therefore, when you seek to make a decision—any decision—do not consider yourself a failure if you make a compromise. In the truest sense, a compromise is nothing other than a reflection of your wisdom and love.



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The Doctors Bricklin are a husband-and-wife team of psychologists who write regularly for YOUTH. If you have a question or a problem you would like them to discuss through this series, write to them c/o YOUTH, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102. All inquiries will, of course, be kept confidential.

YOUTH

and GO

Multi-interest

Just a note of appreciation for YOUTH's Creative Arts issue in September. It shows a growing artistic sophistication from earlier editions, and the combination of arts keeps it multi-interesting.

Over the years, you have succeeded in keeping the magazine youthful without becoming captured by the so-called "youth scene"—or by just one aspect of Christianity. —R.S., *Chicago, Ill.*

No Joking Matter

There are many thoughtful and beautiful poems in the September issue of YOUTH, but please explain to me what value there is in the parodies, "Nursery Rhymes You've Always Heard (but changed to fit the times)." They are derogatory and crude. If there is a "redeeming value" what is it? I feel very strongly that a religiously-oriented (supposedly) magazine is no place for laughing at, or joking about, matters as serious and dangerous as dope and abortion.

—R.O., *Excelsior, Minn.*

Food Addiction?

The September issue of YOUTH was excellent, and I thank you for

giving so many young people a chance to express themselves. It was with special interest that I followed the theme of the very well-written poem, "The Coca-Cola Man." It presented a compelling testimony not only to drug addiction but also to beverage addiction.

Food addiction in the past decades has taken on special interest to physicians, most of them allergists associated with the Human Ecology Research Foundation. They have found that many people are "addicted" to certain foods, chemicals, and even pollutants in our society. That is, in order to get relief from the very symptoms that substances have caused, they seek out more of the same. Allergists have found a remarkable number of common everyday substances to which people become addicted: wheat, eggs, milk and dairy products, etc.

Coca-Cola contains caffeine, and as all coffee drinkers know, caffeine can be addictive.

Many thanks again for a fine issue.

—H.T.W., *Osceola, Wis.*

Narrowing the Gap

I have been convinced for years that YOUTH Magazine is an excellent magazine, and the August issue is no exception. "Would You Be a Permissive Parent" strikes me as a good article for discussion, and I am sending it to all teens and their parents in my congregation.

—J.L., *Port Washington, Wis.*

Strong Start

One night a few of the kids at our church were talking about the decline of youth at church services, and we decided to do something about it. After consulting the pastor, the church board president and the youth sponsors, plans were underway for our first religious rock service.

First, music of every kind of folk and rock with a religious message or moral behind it was collected, and a theme was found after looking through many YOUTH Magazines. For three weeks about four college students wrote and rewrote the service, while singers and a local rock band practiced and memorized the music.

This is a small town of 2300 people, and after a week of rehearsals everyone was talking about the service. One of the older people were spreading rumors, such as motorcycle gangs disrupting the services, and kids freaked out in the aisles. We had to make them realize that our service was to bring people together, not to shock the other generation and criticize them.

As it turned out, the services were a huge success. It was surprising to see everyone come out smiling and laughing. As one lady said, "I felt like I started to live."

I think we've got something started. Now if we can only keep it going. Most of our thoughts came from YOUTH. Thanks!

—G.S., Warrenton, Mo.

Celebration Manual

Please send me copies of that most excellent issue of YOUTH — July 1971. It's absolutely great! As Liturgical Officer for the Diocese of Arizona, I must say that seldom have I seen such a high quality presentation of and manual for celebration.

—D.P., Bisbee, Ariz.

Risk—With a Cushion

In the July issue of YOUTH, I found the article on Glide Church in San Francisco very interesting. But the risks they take there are very nicely cushioned by one of the largest church endowments in the U.S. Some churches can do more than others. But one with a multi-million dollar endowment is in a very unusual position of risk and opportunity.

—W.M., Santa Clara, Cal.

Retreat Resource

I think that the July issue of YOUTH is one of the best ever published. We are having a retreat for our high school youth, and I'd appreciate it if you could rush me 20 copies. We want to use them in the retreat as resource material and push the idea of every young person subscribing to the magazine.

—R.B., Alpena, Mich.

**when 260-pound
defensive tackle
Mike Reid
starts to play,
nobody laughs**



Shouts of "Hut, hut, hut" bring the snap of the ball, a rush of feet, a slapping and popping of pads in tortuous impact. As the crowd roars its excitement, Mike Reid rockets up from his position in "the trench." His 260 pound, 6'3" frame uncoils with cobra suddenness as he head-fakes one man, helmet-slaps past another and stampedes toward a wildly backtracking quarterback. For signal-caller Lenny Dawson of the Kansas City Chiefs, the impact comes with bone-jarring, head-snapping quickness. Before he can unload his pass, he finds himself crushed to earth. As one of pro football's more lethal defensive tackles, Mike Reid has done his job well.

As the last strains of Franz

Liszt's "Funerailles, Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses" fade at the darkened concert hall, the pianist remains motionless. In that moment, his head bent in concentration, his fingers resting lightly on the keys. And then as he rises from the bench the audience rises with him, applauding. But more important to the pianist is the fact that the 100 members of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra have also risen and their congratulatory ovation is all that an orchestral performer could desire. As both composer and symphony orchestra pianist, Mike Reid has done his job well.

Mike Reid is only one person, but at the age of 23 he comes from two entirely different careers.



from football trench to piano bench

BY DAVID MORCUM

...t, his talent and ability could
split up among four people and
y'd all be ahead of the game.
Mike Reid grew up in Altoona,
where he is now thought of as
at legend and part mythological
cy. As one of the top high school
letes in the state of Pennsyl-
ia, he was sought by many col-
es.

Mike chose Penn State, and be-
ne a member of the team that
t 31 games without a loss. He
unanimous All-American in
junior and senior years, and
the Maxwell Trophy as the
standing college football player
America. He won the Outland
phy as the outstanding interior
man in the country. Upon his
uation from Penn State, he

was drafted number one by the
Cincinnati Bengals. In 1970 he
was named Defensive Rookie of
the year. His college coach, Joe
Paterno, said of him, "Few line-
men in the country in the last ten
years would be as good at their
positions as Mike Reid is at his. In
addition to being a super player he
is a great human being."

Mike came away from college
with much more than just his ath-
letic trophies, as I discovered for
myself when I went to Cincinnati
to interview him. I had a difficult
time locating his apartment among
15 or 20 high-rise buildings in the
area. After some minutes of futile
searching, I stopped a young
woman and asked her if she knew
which building was Mike Reid's.

"Can't you hear it?" she asked. And it dawned on me that the music I had been hearing was not coming from a radio or stereo.

"That's his apartment up there," she said, pointing. "And that's him practicing for a concert with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. I can always tell what kind of mood he's in by the music he plays."

"Doesn't his playing so much bother any of the people around here?" I asked.

"Are you kidding?" she said, "he plays classical, pop, the Beatles, James Taylor, Elton John, and he's good. It's like getting a concert for free and there's something for everyone. Who's going to complain about that?"

Mike Reid's bachelor pad is neat and cheerful, dominated by his baby grand piano and a huge picture of a Bengal tiger in repose. Mike himself is massive, with arms which would make good-sized thighs for most men. But in talking with him I found that his raw power is veiled in an inborn gentleness, a subtle sense of humor. I asked Mike about his beginnings, athletically and musically.

"Well," he answered, "when you're a kid the athletic games are always there. I mean, it's what you do as a growing boy. As far as the



piano goes, I remember when I was four years old I used to go next door to my grandmother and sit and bang away on her upright. I was fascinated by the sounds it made, and I began formal lessons when I was five. When I went to college I realized that if I was going to accomplish anything educationally, it would have to be in something that interested me. And that was music. I majored in music."

I wondered if Mike's musical interests had subjected him to some kidding by his teammates.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "Then I guess a lot of other kids did the hummingbird when he flew backwards. Of course, when a hummingbird weighs 260 po

and like to write a piece of music that would bring every man being on earth together, if only for one second."

kidding generally remains on a kid-natured level.

"I've found many connections between my football and my music. The emotions I feel before a concert and before a game are almost the same. The nervous energy is the same. I'm walking out to face a big crowd or an audience. But in football more frightening, I'm walking out to face a huge symphony orchestra or other professional football players. Either way, I'm walking out to give the best I have to offer, and I'm going to give big pieces of myself. It's frightening to think that my offering, however small it may be, is my completely best attempt. And yet there's a chance I may be a failure."

Concentration is another common ground between music and football. You've got to have tremendous concentration to play a difficult piano piece and you must have complete concentration to execute a successful pass rush.

But the most important common ground between the two is discipline," he continued. "No one in their right mind wants to run five miles a day. No pianist in the world wants to sit and practice four hours a day. But the discipline has results. In many cases the best-conditioned athletes are

the best athletes. And, aside from those pianists who have that God-given, inborn feeling for piano, the ones who have practiced the hardest are the best pianists."

In 1970 Mike Reid attended his first professional football training camp and it was there that his self-discipline was put to the test.

"It was absolutely the worst thing I've ever experienced in my life," he said without a trace of a smile. "And I realized what a great love I had for the game, to be willing to go through the torture of training camp to play the game of football."

"I remember one afternoon about two weeks into the pre-season and we're down in 'the pit' (the area where the offensive and defensive linemen engage in battle) and I'm going one on one against a 290-pound offensive lineman. We were tired and sweaty and barely able to function when he got some reserve energy from somewhere and caught me a good one. Well, as I was picking myself up out of the dust I looked over and saw the wide receivers breezing along running their pass patterns, laughing and joking. That was the closest I ever came to giving up. But other than that day, I've never wanted to play anything

"I don't believe in athletic idols. No kid should put me above his own father just because I play football."

but defensive tackle . . . or the piano."

When asked why he likes the non-glamorous position of defensive tackle, as opposed to a glory position such as quarterback or running back, Mike's answer is straightforward.

"As a defensive tackle there's something special about dueling another man physically. It's a very cleansing feeling to roll up your sleeves and say, 'all right, you come at me and I'm coming at you and we're going to do battle. And if you lick me, I'm no less the man because I gave 100% of myself. And if I lick you, you're no less the man for it. But let's nevertheless come at each other with everything we have and just see who wins and then shake hands and walk away the best of friends.' That may sound corny, but that's the way I feel.

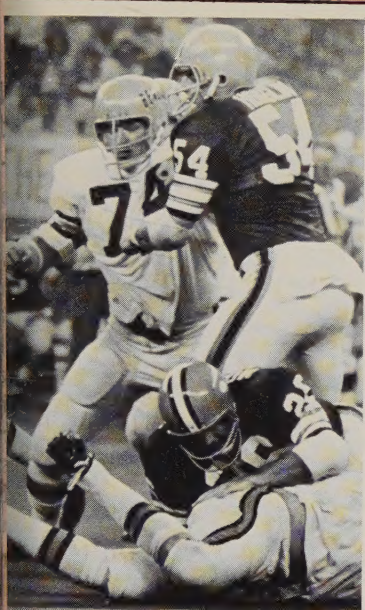
"I believe the defensive line is the heart of any good defensive football team. I think the Vikings, Rams and Cowboys have proved that."

What's it like for a defensive tackle on game day? What are the thoughts that concern Mike Reid as he girds for battle?

"On game day my mind is obsessed with the thought of the man

I'm playing over. If we're playing the Cleveland Browns I don't think about facing Leroy Kelly, the great running back. I don't say myself that I've got to face a quarterback in Bill Nelson. During the whole week at practice and on game day I am obsessed with facing Gene Hickerson, their line guard. Or in Kansas City's case, Mo Moorman. Or in San Diego's case, Walt Sweeney. Because though I'm part of the team, the most important thing is for the team to win, it's still very important for me to win my individual battle. That's what all my suffering, and sacrificing has been about. And I want to make sure that when I go onto that field I give everything I have to defeating this other man, whether physically, whether I out-quick him, whether I'm stronger, or whether I'm just a better player. I feel if I give 100% of myself to the game, then nobody should be able to beat me."

In 1970 few people beat Mike Reid, and he helped Cincinnati win their division title. Thus the Bengals became the youngest expansion team ever to win a title. Winning, then, the best aspect of football as far as Mike Reid is concerned?



No, it isn't. The best aspect of football is, without a doubt, the people you meet and the individuals you play with or against. It's the camaraderie of the whole team, really getting to know what your teammates, as men, are all about."

So far football has been good to Mike, but it has also put his piano playing in jeopardy. During the 1970 season his hands took a tremendous beating and eventually he came a time when they were damaged and bruised that he couldn't play the piano. He was sidelined in a pre-season exhibition game this year, but was more than ready in the season's opener against the Eagles. So far Mike's injuries have not been permanent,

but I asked him if he ever thought about the possibility.

"Well, if that day came it would certainly be difficult to cope with," he replied. "However, more and more I'm leaning toward composing, and so I would compensate for any disabling injury by concentrating my efforts on that. I enjoy expressing something I feel by putting it to music, because I believe music is the great avenue of communication between humans.

"The most moving and gratifying moment in my life was the first time I heard the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra playing the piece that I composed for the concert. It was an incredible feeling. I couldn't believe that here was this 100-piece orchestra playing music that I had created."

Success has come early to Mike, and with it, a great deal of publicity. But he has neither the time nor the inclination to pay much attention to it all.

"If you react to everything that's written about you," he said, "then you're either crushed to the depths of depression, or you get such a swelled head that eventually someone knocks it off and you can never find it again. So I've never really felt that all the pub-

licity and hoopla was that important.

"I don't believe in athletic idols and I don't want to be one. When I was about nine or ten I had two idols from our local high school. One was killed driving a car. He'd been drinking. The other is in jail on a narcotics charge. So I had two idols and they turned out to be less than exemplary. The point I'm making is this: when a kid comes up to me all starry-eyed and asks for my autograph, I'll never turn him down. I'll give him a smile. I'll kid with him a little and I'll talk football with him. And if that kid admires my ability to play football, fine. But I don't want him to look up to me as some idol. I admire and respect a lot of men, like my college coach Joe Paterno, another coach I had once named John Hentz, and Paul Brown who is my coach now. But there's only one man that I'll ever look up to, and that man is my father. So, I don't want some kid putting me above his father just because I have the ability to play football.

"Kids should admire athletes for what they have, which is athletic ability. I mean, when a young boy sees me on the field he doesn't know what my qualities are as a human being. He only knows my athletic qualities, and you can't

idolize the whole person on the basis of his physical ability. Athletes are just people, too. They have virtues and faults, hopes and dreams."

What kind of dreams do you have? A young man like Mike Reid has achieved so much already?

"Personally," he answered, "I would like to have a dream that may seem a little unrealistic. In fact I guess it is more of a wish, but I would like to have the ability to write a symphony of music that would bring together all human beings on the face of the earth together even if it's for just one second. And when I say bring together I mean in peace and understanding of each other in every respect. Total communion."

"I can remember when Nat King Armstrong first stepped onto the moon it struck me that in the entire history of man that was the first instant when nearly every person on earth was one, and that we were all having one common thought. I thought that if that could happen, how much longer could racism last? How much longer can human beings hate each other? How much longer can we go on killing each other in wars and by pollution? I don't think we're being honest with ourselves

"There are many connections between my football and my music. But the most important is discipline."

this will sound idealistic, but regardless of how much money we make, or how many possessions you have, I don't think you can be complacent when you know that last night someone died of starvation or that yesterday someone was killed because someone hated the color of his skin. We have a common bond, a common crisis and no one has the right to say, 'I'm living a very good life,' because when someone starves to death or someone is killed in the streets, then a little piece of each of us is lost."

Mike's self-stated "idealism" is based upon his own conviction that music and athletics are two areas where people can meet and set aside dislikes and prejudices. Both disciplines provide a common ground for communication. In his effort with the Cincinnati Symphony, for example, Mike and John Kunzel, the conductor, had an ongoing dialogue on stage.

"We've talked with the audience, we've developed a wonderful rapport with them," Mike said. "We've cut out the stilted, sacrosanct atmosphere of the traditional concert. I even sang some of the pop songs we played, and we got down to the nitty-gritty. We used music as a means of communication, but above all, we tried

to be honest and sincere. We couldn't fake our emotions because I know that in order to make Beethoven's First Piano Concerto sound as beautiful as it should, you've got to be able to feel it inside you."

Mike feels that popular music, as well as classical, does much to unify people, and improve communication between them.

"They're writing music now with words you can hear and understand," he said. "It's like we're all in this big hole together and we're helping each other to find a way out. James Taylor helps, Joan Baez helps, Bob Dylan helps. And that's why I think that music could be one way of bringing it all together."



Cincinnati Bengals

Photo by Hans Lachmann



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